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VOL. 1. NO. 17.

VANITY FAIR

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The knowledge of this simple fact of the total extraction of the "Fusil Oil" to Physicians and Chemists (who alone are scientifically acquainted with its poisonous effects on the system) will be sufficient for them to recommend it in preference to the Brandies and Gins in general use. Our medical friends pronounce it to be the only reliable and healthy stimulant suited for both sexes; they prescribe it for cases of debility, dyspepsia, flatulency, &c. It is the favorite beverage in Boston, Philadelphia, and wherever it has been introduced, and I offer it to the New-York public with full confidence that it will meet with general approval both as to quality and price.

BOSTON, *March 7th*, 1859.

I have made a chemical analysis of commercial samples of CHESNUT GROVE WHISKEY, which proves to be free from the heavy Fusil Oils, and perfectly pure and unadulterated. The fine flavor of this whiskey is derived from the Grain used in manufacturing it.

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CHRIST AND HIS APOSTLES,

Is Now Ready,

and orders for it are pouring in by every mail, both from the

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This great Work of Art is the only memento now existing in this country of those

MIRACLES IN MARBLE,

which divide with the classic sculptures of ancient Greece and Rome

THE ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD.

Although the original models, sent to this country in 1850, have been unfortunately DESTROYED BY FIRE, the

SACRED GROUP,

depicted in bold relief, and occupying a space of *two feet by three*,

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of Gospel History are portrayed in the Architectural Border that surrounds the main picture, viz.:

John Preaching in the Wilderness.

"He that cometh after me is mightier than I; whose shoes I am not worthy to bear."

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"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness."

Christ Blessing Little Children.

"Suffer little children to come unto me; for of such is the Kingdom of God."

The Last Supper.

"This do in Remembrance of me."

The Three Marys at the Sepulchre.

"They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him."

Our Engraving of "Christ and his Apostles" is therefore

SIX SCRIPTURAL PICTURES IN ONE.

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PROGRESS VS. OLD FOGEYISM.

KATE (*who has called to see her friend Bridget*).—What, Bridget! not done washing yet? Why, I'd give any house the discharge that didn't buy a Cataract Machine. I wouldn't rub my hands to pieces for any woman. We've got one at our house, and I finished up the month's washing three hours ago.

BRIDGET.—I wish the missus would buy one of them things, for I'm nearly dead with this hard work.

Kate was right, for THE CATARACT WASHING MACHINE does its work quickly and easily, without wear and tear of clothes by rubbing. Price $12 00, $14 00, and $16 00. State and County Rights for Sale. Agents wanted. A Machine is in operation at our Salesroom, 439 Broadway, Second Floor.

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Agents of the Patentee, 54 Beekman-street, New-York

PERSONAL.

AN item, telegraphed to the Philadelphia *Press* of the 11th inst., from the seat of Government, produced the most curious effect on the entire VANITY FAIR establishment:

"The evident knowledge of the New York *Herald* in relation to certain alleged corruptions in Washington, and its daily charges against public men, will render it imperative on the part of Mr. Covode to summon James Gordon Bennett before his committee. I understand that the Sergeant-at-Arms will be despatched for him to-morrow morning, and as it is supposed he will make some resistance, it is suggested in the House that Mr. Pryor of Virginia, should be invited to assist in his capture. He will be welcomed at the cars by the Southern delegation on the one hand, and the administration forces on the other, and for fear an attempt may be made to rescue him from the officers of the law, the President proposes to call on the marines."

As it was read in a clear voice and with judicious emphasis by the Editor to an assembled multitude of accomplished contributors and romantic artists, sounds of joy arose on every side. With the utmost difficulty was the cultivated circle able to restrain rounds of high and triumphant laughter. A cry starting from a luxurious lounge in a favorite corner of the sanctum, occasioned a momentary pause, and it was ascertained that the able writer who has had the "Man for Charleston" department of V. F. under his charge had fainted in a thrill of happiness. At the same time the author of the Natural History of "The Anonymous Animal," and the designer of "Dead Game," in a back number (which may be obtained at the office, being electrotyped), engaged in a violent breakdown; while the gentleman who composed some pleasant lines of poetry in the colloquial form did nothing less animated than lie right down and elate his heels.

At the conclusion of the paragraph there arose such a shout that two reporters came running up from the *Herald* office to see what was the matter, each one of whom had his head-lines written before he reached the toppermost step. Being at once recognized it was proposed to have them sketched on the spot, but upon a suggestion that their presence could not be tolerated the length of time requisite for that operation, they were driven back to their den with loud and prolonged jeers.

The greatest confusion now prevailed, and it was long before order could be sufficiently restored to hear a resolution providing that all the forces of VANITY FAIR would be held in readiness to give the Sergeant-at-Arms any amount of assistance, several of the most able-bodied and irrepressible attachés be despatched in a special yacht to keep vigilant watch over Plum-Gut, through which the criminal might try to escape, and others to Washington Heights to frustrate his attempts at secretion there.

The question who should be sent to report the proceedings before the Investigating Committee elicited a warm debate. The whole corps seemed to want to go, but necessity requiring the presence of a full representation of the force at Charleston, and of another at Chicago, and what with the imperative demands of the Japanese Embassy for special artists and contributors, the agreeable duty of doing up Bennett had to be assigned to individuals instead of masses. They went and got a bagpipe, and spent the rest of the day in boisterous revelry.

The proceedings at this stage were interrupted by the entrance of the Public, who had overheard them, and desired to share in the celebration. Representatives of all the leading trades and professions made a few remarks, expressing their delight that justice had at length overtaken the culprit journalist, and their willingness to contribute any sum of money that might be needed to secure his punishment.

After a Committee of Arrangements had been appointed to make all necessary preparations for the trial, and a vote of thanks to Colonel Forney and his Washington Correspondent for their indefatigable exertions in behalf of justice adopted, the talented throng dispersed with repeated groans for J. G. B.

J. B. READS US!

The following item from the Pittsburg *Journal* encourages us to go on in our praiseworthy exertions in behalf of the young and rising generation of politicians.

"WHISKEY.—It was stated to us by a steamboat man yesterday, that *one hundred and eleven barrels* of this, Mr. Buchanan's favorite beverage, had been already forwarded from this city, to be taken on board the steamer which is to convey the Pennsylvania delegates to the Charleston Convention. We would not intimate that all this is to be consumed on board the steamer. It is for consumption on the ground. Some of it is said to be villainous—of the real rifle brand, and warranted to kill, if taken in sufficient quantities. We tremble, when we think what may be the result of such an amount of red-eye."

The reader of VANITY FAIR will not need to be reminded that this is the immediate response of the Chief Executive to a suggestion made in Number 16 of that inestimable Journal. When we inquired, "Will the venerable Chief Executive be very much obliged "to us now, if we put him up to a trick by which he can certainly "regain all the popularity he has lost in the three years and better "of his mal-administration,—if not, indeed, verify the prediction "of the *Herald* that he is the 'man for Charleston'?" little did we think that he would intimate his gratitude so soon. It is another illustration of the power of the press. Our arrangements for managing the affairs of Government were never so perfect.

Con. By a pugnacious Apothecary.

Why was the bombardment of Vera Cruz like the oder of smelling salts? Because it was mere ammoniac (Mir-amon-iac) vaporing.

SANITARY.

LAURA.—Now, Edward, how *can* you wear such a horrid moustache?

EDWARD.—Fact is, Sis, my physician recommends it as a great protection to the lungs.

HINTS TO OMNIBUS DRIVERS.

If, from your airy elevation, you perceive a lady, or any number of ladies, standing quietly upon a corner, drive immediately before them and stop. No matter if they shake reluctant heads at you; you have only to let open your door, and look sternly at them, ejaculating at the same time, "Now then," or "Come, now," and the chances are that, sooner than subject themselves to continued mortification, they will enter your vehicle with celerity.

Should it occur to you that they occupy more time than is necessary in getting in, you have only to draw your strap smartly as the last one stands upon the steps. A little practice will enable you to calculate closely, so as to catch the ancle just between the door and

the jamb. You may be sure that neither the lady so admonished, nor her companions, will cause you any future inconvenience in this way.

In arranging your change for fares, be careful to insert the coins in your mouth, and moisten them well before resigning them. This renders them obnoxious to the decent touch, and persons have frequently been known to drop them at once upon the floor, rather than defile their fingers. Coins so dropped among the straw become of course your perquisite. It is said that a well-known Broadway driver has recently retired to an elegant home upon the Hudson, there to enjoy a sumptuous fortune amassed in this way.

Whenever your omnibus is so full that it can contain no more, and the accumulation of sixpences is checked, it becomes necessary to reduce your freight. This may be done by rushing into violent contact with drays, curb-stones, opposing wheels, &c. You will soon perceive indications of internal agitation. By loud and vigorous swearing at the imaginary blunders of those with whom you come in collision, you may give an additional shock to some of your passengers, a number of whom will presently be sure to alight, and leave space for new comers.

If one of your horses falls, sit perfectly unconcerned, and let the police and bystanders erect him. It may be proper for you to volunteer a suggestion of a kick, or something of that sort; but under no circumstances should you stir from your box. He who leaves his post of duty in time of trouble is less than a man.

Guiding yourselves by these suggestions, your way of life will be easy, and your prospects of affluence speedy.

Not a Very Hard Case.

The daily papers have chronicled the following absurd performance:

"A gentleman of Cincinnati, a passenger by the midnight train of Wednesday last, from New York to Boston, rose from his seat while sound asleep, stepped out upon the platform, and leaped off while the train was in full motion, about four miles east of Worcester. Fortunately he fell on a soft place, and was not much hurt."

We take it for granted, after a careful consideration of the case, that the Cincinnati gentleman fell on his head.

A Political Paradox.

A Hunter opposed to a Chase.

THE CRICKET OF OUR HEART.

When praise is hearty and intelligent it is a pleasant compensation for much labor and expense, and therefore the managers of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, must have rejoiced with a great joy at the words spoken by the President's *Pennsylvanian*, upon their production of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "adapted from Octave Jevillet's celebrated story of the same name." And we fancy that not without a swelling heart could Jevillet himself read in the P.'s *P* of the 11th inst., that "there is a sterling in-"terest throughout the play, without a grasping for effect, cul-"minating without unnatural strain. The few melo-dramatic por-"tions of it are not of a vivid caste, and appear to claim allowance." Now Mr. Dion Boucicault's melo-dramatic portions are always of a vivid caste, and probably that is the reason why they never get any allowance.

But if the bosom of Mr. Wheatley is at all elastic, Mr. Wheatley's bosom it will be that will swell with the most proud and happy emotion. "The character of *Manuel*, in which Mr. Wheatley is all that could "be desired, is one calculated to insinuate itself into the best sym-"pathies of he who witnesses it." To be able to insinuate himself, as *Manuel*, into the best sympathies of he who witnesses it, is a professional triumph scarcely less brilliant than the personal one of being "all that could be desired."

If Jevillet makes another hero who "is the bud, the bloom of "honor, manliness and noble devotion, such a mirror of perfection "in the higher attributes," he must get Mr. Wheatley to play it, and the President's *Pennsylvanian* to write about it. That will be all that could be desired.

While the voice of the cricket is heard in the land.

Sweet Simplicity.

The Boston *Courier* furnishes a touching anecdote of infantile precocity. Behold!

A Child's Idea of Mankind and Pigs.—A little flaxen haired four years old girl in Palmer, in this State, was looking at some pigs the other day, when she enquired of one older if God made pigs. She was told that he did. "Why," said the little darling, "I should n't think he would make pigs when he has everybody else to make!"

We have known nothing to surpass this in simple beauty, and few things to equal it. One parellel case, however, has been brought to our attention.

Adopting the style of our Boston brother we should narrate it thus:

An Infant's Judgment concerning Halibut and Shrimps.—A little blue-haired two years old prattler was rolling through Fulton Market the other day, in a wicker wagon drawn by her fond and venerable grandmother, when she enquired, on reaching the fish bazaar, if the salesman sold shrimps. She was told that he did. "Why," said the pure-minded cherub, "I should n't think he would sell swimps when he has everything else to sell!"

Beecher's idea of a Blush.

At one of his recent Sunday Evening Entertainments, according to the *Tribune*, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher told his people that when he learned how the trustees of the Plymouth Church had refused the use of its pulpit to Wendell Phillips for the delivery of his Chistian and patriotic "plea for the Dissolution of the Union," he blushed "so that he could feel it in his toes." We sometimes hear of a person who laughs in his sleeve, but this is the first instance on record of any one who blushes for his boots. There are undoubtedly many cases where modesty is out of place, but we object to having it literally put Under Foot. So many of Beecher's follies have been committed in the sight of men that we cannot believe he was born to blush unseen.

O No, I would not be the Pope.

Pope Pius' strength is fading fast,
He knows not what to do;
His Government was Temporal,
And Temporary too!

The Holy See is lashed by storms,
Its sovereignty decays;
The Roman Candle soon must be
The light of Other Days.

Maritime on Dit.

The reason why they have no regattas on the Seine, is that the water there is always *l'eau*.

"Seven up."

The Pleiades.

ALL ON ACCOUNT OF THE BENICIA BOY.

BILLY SMITH.—Say, Johnny Henderson, let's fight babies!

JOHNNY HENDERSON.—Wouldn't I though, if my man 'd on'y come to the scratch!

AN ODOROUS COMPARISON.

It is well known that Great Britain is a miserable, used-up, played-out, good-for-nothing, effete country, inhabited chiefly by wretched and starved operatives, and ruled by a bloated and imbecile Aristocracy. Its ignorant legislative body—which holds its sessions in a badly contrived edifice, in whose plan there is no trace of any other style of architecture than the Gothic—has indeed given name to certain rules of order which are sometimes adopted by deliberative assemblies; but our wiser law-makers have fortunately discarded them for a new and improved system, to be found in the "Congressional Manual." To get access, as a visitor, to either branch of their puny Parliament, it is necessary to obtain a ticket from a member; and in the more insignificant of the two, the stranger cannot rationally enjoy even the paltry accommodations of its contemptible gallery. An officer prevents anything like social intercourse, and threatens with expulsion those who dare, in furtive whispers, to inquire the names of the speakers. The surly boors exclude "Heaven's last, best gift" altogether, and the fair and beautiful of the realm are only permitted to peer through a grating at their tyrannous lords. Under such a degrading despotism, they cannot be s-en!

Among the members there is always manifested (except in the lobbies) the gruffest churlishness. All sit in sullen silence, attending to the business of the House. If the man "on his legs" is dull, they do, indeed, cough him down, so that a stupid bore is silenced with a most barbarous inhumanity. They never allow more than one to speak at once, and very rarely two on the same side in succession. "Liberty of speech"—the birthright of man and the gift of God to the race—is denied them; and if a speaker exercises his own discretion, so far as to talk of something more interesting to him than the subject under debate, he is instanly gagged with cries of "order," "order."

Among other absurd restrictions upon individual independence, it is positively forbidden to mention a member by name. Thus, a few weeks ago Mr. Berkeley was advocating the ballot,—a reform with which his name is quite closely identified, as his motion, in reference to it, comes like Christmas, once a-year, and as the Parliamentary rules forbid the second introduction of any motion in the same session, it may be said that, like Christmas, "it comes "but once a-year,"—and in his argument he observed that "he "next came to another of his formidable opponents,—Sir George "Grey." Instantly he was assailed with rude cries of "order," and thus insolently interrupted by the presiding officer:

"The SPEAKER.—It is contrary to the rules of the House to mention any member by name. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. BERKELEY.—I mentioned Sir George Grey as one of the speakers in a debate which took place 15 years ago.

"The SPEAKER.—What the hon. member said was, 'I now come to Sir George 'Grey.' That is not the correct way of referring to a member of the House. (Hear, hear.)

"Mr. BERKELEY.—I ought to have stated that I alluded to a debate of 15 years ago. in which Sir George Grey was one of the principal speakers. ('Order.')

"The SPEAKER.—I have reminded the hon. member of what is the rule of the House, and am sure that with his Parliamentary experience and practice he will be able to keep within it. (Cheers.)"

Instead of resenting the impertinent meddling of the person designated by the reporter of the *Times* as the Speaker, the craven caitiff meekly submitted, and we find in these cowardly words his reply:

"Mr. BERKELEY would say the right hon. gentleman the member for Morpeth."

It would seem that he was willing to regard the ignominious insult in the same light as the philosopher who bore the same name as himself, did the earth, and to say of it, "it is no matter." Had such an interruption been made in that magnificent Capitol, whose plan and decorations remind the delighted observer of every kind of building, of every age and land, and in whose ample galleries sit multitudinous maidens and matrons with large supplies of tongue for lunch, there would not have been one Congressman who would have brooked the offence. There is not one but would have dauntlessly defied the Speaker, and in the next day's report we would have read words like these: "You old imbecile, how "dare you interrupt me? If you say I'm out of order, you lie! "The infamous curs that call me to order, favor a system worse "than robberies, than piracy, than polygamy. I shall go on with-"out anybody's leave, individually." The Chairman would have decided that general debate was in order, and the remarks were strictly pertinent. The original speaker then resuming his subject, might, perhaps, "warming with it, begin to gesticulate with some "vehemence," and a scene would ensue, such as is described in the *Tribune* of April 6th, in these terse and elegant sentences:

"Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, rather 'stirred up the animals' in an off-hand, plain-spoken speech in the House yesterday. The scene that resulted is characteristic, and our report will be found interesting."

INTERESTING LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Mr. Bonner to the Editor of Vanity Fair.

LEDGER OFFICE, 44 Ann-street,
New-York, March 17, 1860.

THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

Sir: A dispute having arisen between two literary men in my office—Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and myself—in regard to the amount of the salary of the Editor of V. F., I have taken no liberty (my circulation being half a million weekly, and I not caring whether I get burnt out or not) in asking you how much you get. Should your answer be satisfactory, I will next inquire how much you spend, and how much you save, and what church you go to. Hoping that you will be sufficiently sensible of the honor I do you, I am, sir, Yours, etc. etc.,

ROBERT BONNER.

The Editor's Reply.

VANITY FAIR, 113 Nassau-street,
New-York, 19th March, 1860.

Dear Sir: In reply to your very polite inquiry of the 17th inst., I would say that Mr. Cobb's (not Howell) estimate was right. My annual salary is $14,000 and a house, which has all the modern conveniences. I am enabled, by strict economy, to supply the wants of my large family, and to discharge my debts at the corner stores.

How are you off for soap?

Very Respectfully, one so-forth,
THE EDITOR OF VANITY FAIR.

ROBERT BONNER, ESQ., 44 Ann-street, New-York.

A distinction without a difference.

In consequence of the riotous spirit recently manifested at Concord at the arrest of Mr. Sanborn, we confess that we are inclined to reject Webster, Wooster (or Worcester?) and the rest of the Lexicographers, and henceforth to consider Concord and Discord synonymous.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The American Buck.

PECULIAR and eccentric production of nature, for many years supposed to belong to the race of Statesmen. Certain developments of character having, however, thrown doubt upon this belief, stricter investigations justified the conviction that It was a member of the lower family of Politicians. But again, the fact having been demonstrated that, during a long period of time, It was not known to perform any act in the slightest degree politic, it became necessary to abandon also this idea. It was then determined that the subject of so much doubt should be regarded in the light of a Freak, thrown out by nature in a sportive mood; since, although possessing some qualities of not only the above-mentioned, but of various other Orders of Creation, It could not be settled as pertaining to any one in particular.

In order that the world should be enabled to study, and as far as possible to judge of, the characteristics of The American Buck, It was, two or three years ago, set up in a very high and prominent place, where its movements could all be closely scanned, and every indication calculated to remove existing doubts could be at once detected. But from that time, instead of any definite result being arrived at, the operations of The Buck were all so marvellous and thoroughly inscrutable, that confusion followed indecision, and the anxious students of Natural History found themselves more profoundly in the dark than ever.

Gradually the actions of The Buck grew to be so extraordinary and unaccountable that everybody was seized with smiling jocularity, and the objurgatory term, "Old Buck," was fastened upon It. In a little while, moreover, it came about that those who had looked with favor upon It became offended by Its vagaries, and cast aside all their regard for It. And the people generally followed their example.

So that the only special interest in the "Old Buck" is caused,—First, by Its eminence of position, and Second, by its individuality of character, in which respect, nothing in any way resembling It has ever been known. So far as the former is concerned, it seems to be popularly agreed that the "Old Buck" shall be taken down as soon as circumstances will allow; and in regard to the latter so slight is the interest, that, notwithstanding The Buck's unprecedented peculiarities, Its dissimilarity in many qualities from all known living things, and the curious traits It has so often exhibited, the people unreservedly declare their entire indifference as to whether they ever look upon Its like again.

The Buck is by no means an unpleasant object to the eye. It bears a placid air, and the softness of Its countenance is strangely at variance with the supposed hardness of Its head. Its occasional warmth of aspect causes people to wonder at the real coldness of Its temperament;—for, be it known, The Buck has never had a mate. In the disposition of Its affections, indeed, It has shown the queerest fancies. For a long period, It was enamored of none other than the remarkable creature which has been described in this series of papers as "The Anonymous Animal;" casting off, for the sake of that debased thing, those who had always nourished and exalted It.

A striking singularity of The Buck is Its incapacity to proceed straight in any given direction. It has frequently been known to run sidewise, like a cheerful, though aged, crab. Its favorite method of walking, however, is backward. It invariably takes delight in going in an opposite direction to that which It is expected to pursue, like the erratic animal upon which the Irish peasant rests his chief reliance, and which the Jew abhors.

The Buck's food changes according to Its varying condition. For awhile It fed upon flattery, and the contemplation of Its own greatness. Of late It has been much accustomed to swallow Its chagrin and to eat of the pies of Humility. It has also shown an occasional desire to drink of the waters of oblivion.

AT THE SALOON.

The lamps were bright on the cold, [illegible]ey stones,
As bright as the glare of day,
And the night was alive with the p[illegible]ter of feet,
On the pavement of Broadway.
I stood by the porch of a palace of l[illegible]ht,
With the laugh and the revel wit[illegible]n,
And there came a woman in shame[illegible]one,
Who sang this song of her sin:

A curse on its marble walls,
A curse on its gilded halls,
A curse on the cup they gave to me,
Where the golden gaslight falls.

I was pure as the flakes of the falling snow,
With a spotless heart and name,
Before the day I was taught the way
To this gilded house of shame;
Like you, my lady of haughty m[illegible]en,
Like you, I was proud and fair,
My beauty, I left at the grave of my [illegible]ve,
My pride, I buried there.

Yes, there are false tongues yet on th[illegible]earth,
And he was as false as hell.
He gave me wine, till my brain was [illegible]ld,
Then said that he loved me well.
There was glitter and glare, in this fe[illegible]ful place,
And he had a musical tongue,
The wine bubbled up like a fiend [illegible]n the glass,
And I ——Ah! I was so young.

A curse on its marble walls,
A curse on its gilded halls,
A curse on the cup they gave to me,
Where the golden gaslight falls.

And then I came to its warm embr[illegible]ce,
To smother the heart-gnawing p[illegible]in,
The wine was cool to my fevered lips,
And washed out the terrible stain.
What mattere[illegible] it then, if the painted [illegible]ing,
Who came i[illegible] the light of the noon,
Should leer in[illegible]my face with hungry eyes, —
It was free in the great saloon.

What mattered it then, if she woun[illegible]d he[illegible]coils,
Like a serpe[illegible]t, around my soul,
It was only an[illegible]ther step in my shame,
To this horri[illegible]le deathlike goal.
So day by day, I went floating on,
In the dark unmarked lagoon,
Whose tide runs stealthily, swift, and strong,
Through the great Broadway saloon.

A curse on its marble walls,
A curse on its gilded halls,
A curse on the cup they gave to me,
Where the go[illegible]den gaslight falls.

Now mark you, my sneering gentlem[illegible]n,
That beautiful, pale-faced girl,
In an hour from now, her cheek will flush,
And her brain will madly whirl.
Let me whisper a secret within your ear,
Should he be a villain as well,
Ere the morning sun shall shine in the sky
There will be another in hell.

Perhaps, like me, she may come so low
They will spurn her away from the door,
Perhaps, like me, she will tramp the street,
As dirty, and drabbled, and sore.
And then, like me, she may stand in its glare,
And beg for the veriest boon,
At the hands of the thousand reckless ones,
Of the great Broadway Saloon.

A curse on its marble walls,
A curse on its gilded halls,
A curse on the cup they gave to me,
Where the golden gaslight falls.

Adage for Artesian Borers.

"Let Well enough alone.

The North-West Passage to the White House. *Via* Chicago.

THE COUNTER-JUMPER SWELL.

THE POEM OF A VERY LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS A GREAT DEAL TOO LONG.

An humble imitation of the Author of "Babie Bell."

I.

HAVE you not heard the poet tell
How came the Counter-jumper swell
Into this world of ours?
Through a back-door which stood ajar:
With jewelled hands and sleepy eyes,
A yard-stick, and a pair o' dice,
He saw our Broadway, like a star
Grim with the dismal gloom of even,
Its crossings, running to and fro,
O'er which stout-hearted "p'leacemen" go,
Guiding old maids who dream of Heaven.
He touched the bridge of Russ—
those feet,
So large they'd hide 'most any bell,
Any celestial asphodel!
The "p'leaceman" said, "The darkness lowers
Oncommon early, don't it sweet."
And thus came Counter-jumper swell
Into this world of ours.

II.

He came in his delicious way:
The ladies crowded to the store.
Like Twist, who boldly asked for "more,"
The Counter-jumper cried "more pay."
The cashier tapped his little bell;
And o'er the desk the dainty cheque
Came at the Counter-jumper's beck!
So sweetly, softly, music fell,
The store seemed full of singing birds,
While ladies talked for hours
To the Counter-jumper swell
Who graced this world of ours!

III.

O Jumper, Counter-jumper swell,
How bold he grew from day to day!
How sleepy looked his little eyes,
What poetry within them lay!
Those sleepy, soulless, leering eyes
So full of——nothing, void of light,
As if he had stayed out all night
Shaking that self-same pair o' dice!
We loved the Jumper more and more:
O never in our hearts before
Had love so had its way:
We felt we had a link between
The Chimpanzee and jackass seen
In Leslie's Malta exposé.

IV.

And now the crossings, which in June
Were kept quite clean by sweeper's broom
Filling the dainty Jumper's nose
With gentle pulses of perfume—
Were rich in winter's mellow slush:
The Russ was buried leagues below
'Mid hived sweets of choicest mush!
Fifth Avenue was hid in gloom,
Ee'n Wall-street seemed a very tomb;
And Jumper's dog he had the mange,
And time wrought just as rich a change
In the Counter-Jumper swell!
His hybrid form more hybrid grew,
And in his features we could trace
What time would strengthen, not efface:
His milksop nature ripened too.
We thought him charming when he came;
But now beneath his sleepy eyes,
His sleepy, soulless, ghastly eyes,
We saw the purple tinge of shame!

V.

No hand had ta'en away the seal
Which held the portals of his speech;
For oft he said a few strange words
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.
He always knew too much for us;
His sleepy eyes great meaning hid;
We could not teach him anything,
He knew too much for us,—*he* did!

VI.

He pilfered from us by degrees,
We felt his shadow ere it fell;
We spoke to Leonard, and he sent
His sergeant for our Counter swell!
He shuddered with unlanguaged pain,
And all his hopes were changed to fears,
And all his airs were drowned in tears.
He never spoke again!
We cried aloud in our relief,
"Confine, confine him, Russell, judge,
Make him so fast he cannot budge,
The foppish, snobbish thief,"
Ah, how we hate him none can tell;
His dainty hand has robbed our till,
The thieving Counter-jumper swell.

VII.

At last he went, the Counter swell,
To earn his bread on city land;
His whiskers gone, gone his moustache,
The "bracelets" on his dainty hand,
And closely shaven was his hair,
His perfumed, curly, well-oiled hair.
The "Black Maria" carted him
And forger Bill, and murd'rer Jim,
To Blackwell's shaded bowers!
And thus went Counter-jumper swell
Out of this world of ours!

"Never Too Late to Mend."

Conservative though John Bull undoubtedly is, it is pleasant for us, his continental cousin, to find that he is not yet too old to learn, and that, in taking the cue from us, he sometimes manages to make a very pretty hazard. Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, which admitted, we confess to feeling very much flattered indeed, as we muse over the following item, taken from the *London Illustrated News*, of the 10th of March:

Paddock, the ex-champion of England, and a person named Parry, had a quarre in a London sporting house on Saturday last, when Parry stabbed Paddock over the eye. Paddock gave Parry a punch, and, having closed, down they fell together, and in the struggle Paddock received a tremendous wound beneath the under lip. Paddock was taken to Charing Cross Hospital, and Parry was apprehended.

One touch, only, is wanting to give a fine New York expression to the above picture. Paddock should have bitten Parry's nose off. Thus should poetical justice have fallen upon the man who could stab his friend after receiving a punch from his hospitable hand. Nevertheless, we should be careful not to prejudge,—and in this case the question arises as to whether Parry drank the punch before he drew his knife,—a query which may involve another, as to the etiquette of the "ring" in such matters.

Inscription for Statue of Gen. Scott.

"His hand unrolled our starry flag to deck
Those cliffs of quatz that make Chepult-a-peck"—

Query for the Theologians.

"Can it be said with truth that we all are children of forefathers, when Moses plainly tells us that Joshua was the son of Nun?

The Japanese Embassy.

THE editors and contributors of VANITY FAIR, since the first announcement of the probability of such distinguished visitors, have toiled unceasingly to complete a perfect sequence of arrangements for their reception.

On the steamer being telegraphed as below, the editors and contributors will hasten to the Battery, where they will blow their fingers until she anchors; after which a special deputation of twelve editors, twenty-four reporters and forty-eight contributors, will go on board to prevent the illustrious strangers getting over-bored. Will be introduced to Mr. Siunul and Mr. Mooragaki, and partake of these gentlemen's hospitality, this being their own castle.

Preparations made for debarkation, which will be done by the North River sloop Mary Anne, which for this occasion we have had fitted up as a Japanese junk. Patent right secured.

Messrs. Siunul and Mooragaki and suite, including the four spies, will land at the Battery, where they will be introduced to James Gordon Bennett, Stephen H. Branch, the Four-cent-Man, and other eminent citizens, after which they will take up their line of march for our office. On this occasion Broadway will be fitted up with little josh houses at intervals, and Trinity Church will be made to represent a porcelain tower as much as possible. The fronts of the houses will be lacquered, and our artists will do their best to embellish them in a way that shall strike and startle the Japanese eye. The citizens are requested, as the procession passes, to do the Kou-tou, and omnibusses are ordered to set down their passengers with their horses' heads turned the way they are going, and take them up where they can get them.

The ferries will continue to run through the day, and cannon will not be fired in the Park. The National standard will be displayed at noon in front of the Bowery Theatre, and on the Hoboken boats.

On arriving at the office of VANITY FAIR they will be addressed by the head roller-boy, who will speak for each individual member of the concern seperately, no one speech being over an hour in length by agreement; after which all hands will sit down to a collation on the front stoop, that the public may be gratified with a sight of the Embassy.

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.

Aqua purae. Vieux souliers.

FISH.

Shark Tails, boiled. Herring a'la rouge.

ROAST.

Puss, a la dogerel. Bow-wow, whine sauce.

ENTREES.

Rats au naturel. Cats en passant
Pates de Mice.

Wines will be dispensed with, but Cincinnati brandy, brought especially for this occasion by Dr. Hiram Cox, and swill-milk from our own distillery, will represent them. On the conclusion of the entertainment each guest will be presented with a copy of VANITY FAIR, after which they will take the 4th Avenue cars and proceed to the Tombs, where they will see the first evidence of our great enlightenment; then to the White-street prison, where they will be made to understand our justice and humanity. From there they will be escorted to Cow Bay, to show that poverty and wretchedness have departed out of the land; then to Water-street, to show that shame and crime cannot exist in our midst. After this entertainment, they will be handed over to our virtuous city fathers, who will "do" the city, ending off with a grand "unbending" at the island.

ALL HONOR TO OUR ILLUSTRIOUS GUESTS!

Physical Impossibility.

Neither Mexico nor our old friends, the Siamese Twins, can stand A Loan.

The only Appointment most Office-Seekers get.

Disappointment.

DANCING FOR EELS IN THE CHARLESTON MARKET.

DOUGLAS IN HIS CELEBRATED BREAKDOWN.

RIVAL CHAMPIONS.

1. Jas. B—ch—n.
2. F—kl—n P—ce.
3. Jeff. D—v—s.
4. R. M. T. H—nt—r.
5. H. A. W—se.

THE HABITS OF GOOD SOCIETY.

No. II.—The Author to his Admirers.

(Explanatory.)

ERSUADED by the enthusiastic reception awarded to our first article on this subject by the world of Vanity Fair, that the topic warrants further treatment, we have nerved ourselves to a greater task than we had originally intended. We proposed simply a scattering squib or two in the first instance, but *now*, O! Reader! be joyful with exceeding joy! for we will toil for you in earnest! We will give you, not a few mere sparks struck at random from the metallic (brass) sconces of the manners-bookmen, but a complete (more or less), original *(entirely)*, and superlatively sapient *Code of Etiquette of our own*, commencing *ab initio* and proceeding *usque ad finis—E pluribus Unum etceteribusque, quantum suff.* This, which is a quotation from Senecdoche, we trust, will abundantly prove our erudition to be equal to the labor we have undertaken. Prepare yourselves, therefore, for a thorough *exposé* of the momentous subjects of training aristocratic young America "in the way he and she should go!" Our *opuscule* shall be called

The Perfect Gentleman and Lady,

Carried up to the Standard of Vanity Fair.

And this is the Preface thereof, as followeth:

Of all volumes on the great questions of physico-moral education, or the road to high-breeding, it is always conceded that the last is the best. On this principle, ours, being posterior to the most recent, is superior to any and all others extant. But, in our anxiety to do full justice to our readers and to ourselves, we further intend that our Code shall even surpass itself.

Respectfully, V. F. Goldstick.

CHAPTER FIRST.—Introductory.

Of Early Discipline.

There is no breeding so perfect as that which is the result of systematic education from the tenderest age up to man and womanhood. As Shakspeare beautifully and sagaciously remarks, "Just "as the tree is twigged the bent's inclined." No period is too early to commence the etiquette-tuition of a child. An infant Chesterfield may be a rarity, but it is not an impossibility. The child should imbibe good-breeding from the maternal fount; he (or she) should be taught grace in the cradle, and *savoir-vivre* with his (or her) arrowroot; his (or her) tones of voice should be carefully trained to artistic modulations,—which may be accomplished by withholding his (or her) food for different periods of time, and by pinches of various sharpness, skilfully interspersed with soothing words and caresses,—and his (or her) muscular movements should be patiently and persistently restrained and regulated from birth, by means of bandages, belts, long-dresses, and other mechanical contrivances, well known to mothers in "high-life." With these instructions rigidly obeyed, the child will attain a promising degree of delicacy, physical and moral, by the time he (or she) is able to walk and articulated distinctly.

The rules of etiquette to be instilled into the child from this first period to that of the first *début* in society become somewhat different for the two sexes, and may be succinctly summed up as follows: For the male child. He must be clothed in the most unnatural and grotesque manner possible,—as nearly as may be like his father,—in order to accustom him to feel at ease in the awkward prison of his habiliments. He must be strictly forbidden to indulge in cheap sweetmeats, truancy, marbles, and similar escapades, which are the delight of all boys,—that is, *vulgar* boys,—and must be taught to behave like a sedate monkey at table, and on all occasions "before company." He must be forced to sip wine from his father's glass, and say "your health" when there is a "dinner," in order to familiarize him with the habits and usages of the *beau monde;* but if ever found "sipping" without permission, he must meet with condign punishment, and his parent must be duly amazed and horror-stricken at the fact of his boy's having, in some unaccountable manner, acquired a taste for stimulating beverages. He must be told by his father, who smokes, that smoking is a vile habit, and that he must not dare to think of attempting to learn it, in order that he may secretly, and with no little suffering, acquire the accomplishment, rendered seductive by the sweetness natural to stolen fruit. He must, in fine, be severely prohibited from indulging in any and all the elegant vices, extravagances and follies that his father and other mature relatives indulge in, just as they were prohibited by their fathers, and necessarily with the same result, as foreseen by the prescient parents. Having thus got him fairly to the age of manhood, perfected, by these ingenious devices, in all the accomplishments of the period, we will, in the next chapter, begin to lay down the rules that should inevitably guide his actions in all the phases of social life, as far as may regard outward etiquette. Meanwhile we proceed to bring the female child to the same fortunate point of successful moral and physical training. That is, we shall proceed to do so in the ensuing number of Vanity Fair.

V. F. Goldstick.

A SENSIBLE SERENADE.

BY ONE WHO HAS WRITTEN THE OTHER KIND.

I.

The surf upon the distant shore is breaking,
Bright tears of dew the roses seem to weep;
But you are prejudiced against awaking,
So I'll sing small, and let you have your sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

II.

You shall not chide me for this song, love, shall you?
I take great pains my voice subdued to keep,
For well I understand the lofty value,
All sane folks set upon a wholesome sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

III.

Some fellows—at their nonsense oft I wonder—
Sing out with voices strong and loud and deep,
Until their loved ones wish they'd go to thunder,
Or, like myself, sing small, and let them sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

IV.

The grass is wet, I find that I am sneezing,—
This kind of thing is getting rather steep;
The thought of rheumatism is n't pleasing,
So, with your leave, I'll home to bed and sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

A NEW TABLE OF DISTANCES.

The *Herald* of April 2d, has the following refreshing statement:

"The Distance Between the ~~Atlantic~~ and the Pacific Curtailed to Eight Days.—Commencing with to-morrow, the distance between the Atlantic and the Pacific will be lessened to little more than a week. Telegrams can be sent over the wires to St. Joseph, on the Missouri river, from whence they will be conveyed by a pony express to the telegraph line at Placerville, which will transmit them at once to Sacramento and San Francisco."

The Japanese are accustomed to measure the space they travel on horseback by the number of horseshoes (made of straw in that country) which they destroy on the way; so that they are often heard to remark they have ridden so many horseshoes' distance. This is very well. The Japanese are a reasonable people, which is the main point of difference between them and the *Herald* people. No Japanese would ever undertake to make the distance between two places synonymous with the length of time required to send a telegraphic message from one to the other. According to this method, we might reckon the distance between New York and Philadelphia to be two seconds, and between Boston and New Orleans about an hour less than nothing, since the telegraph outstrips the sun about that much. Or it would be just as well to calculate distances according to the prices paid for aforesaid telegraphs. From New York to Boston, we should say, the distance is forty cents for ten words, and a little extra for each additional word. We should like to have the *Herald's* idea of the distance from New York to the Court of Louis Napoleon, which the editor of that daily print has so long been endeavoring to overcome, by the way of Washington, D. C. We imagine he would fix it at something more than eight anxious and unsatisfied years.

The Blarney Stone of Ireland.

Shamrock.

TO THE LODGING-HUNTER.

THE extreme difficulty which inexperienced lodging-hunters, especially young couples, manifest in getting out of a house, after looking at the apartments to let, and the very sad accounts of bungling, stammering, and irrational excuses offered by such persons for not approving the rooms they have inspected, have induced us to compile the following list of reasons for declining to become tenant of any given lodgings. We can vouch for the genuineness of all the objections we suggest, they being the result of a series of careful notes taken by ourselves during three weeks visit to a friend who was desirous of letting the superfluous portion of his house. By a study of the following hints, the most bashful and timid lodging-hunter may be enabled to march triumphantly out of the dwelling of the most arrogant and ferocious landlady, without exposing himself to the humiliation of the ordinary mean and shuffling exit, or the greater humiliation of honestly declaring that he does not fancy the rooms, or cannot afford the rent demanded.

REASONS FOR DECLINING LODGINGS.

That the fanlight over the door is not of stained glass; and that you make a point of stained glass, because it gives an ecclesiastical tone to the passage.

That the fanlight over the door is of stained glass, and gives an ecclesiastical tone to the passage, which, being a Presbyterian, you cannot put up with.

That the house is too far from the church, and as you attend three times on Sundays, and on Wednesdays and Fridays, this is important.

That the house is too near the church, and you cannot bear the noise of bells.

That the hack-hire from the house to the theatre exceeds a quarter.

That the house is No. 14 (or whatever it may be), and a beloved great-aunt of yours died at a No. 14 (or as aforesaid), so that the association would be to much for your feelings.

That you are certain there must be black-beetles in the house. The landlady will probably deny this, and ask you why you think so. Say you know it by the stair's creak; she will be puzzled to answer this.

That there is a gas-lamp directly in front, which must, therefore, be a rendezvous for bad characters; besides, that cabs usually pull up at lamps and would disturb you.

That as there is no gas-lamp for several doors further, you should be always imagining burglars at the latch.

That there is no public-house near enough, and that no servant would like to go so far for beer. Vary this question as may be necessary, and if the public-house be just the desirable distance, ask who are the brewers. If the Landlady reply Hibbert, of course our wife can only drink Stewart, and so on.

That no latch-keys are allowed—how are you to get in after the Opera or a party?

That latch-keys are allowed—persons who require them must be of a very strange class, and you have a great deal of plate.

That the best bed is French, and you are an old fashioned body and like an honest four-poster. Of course you will reverse this objection if the bed be of English architecture.

That though there are no children in the house now, yet that a married couple may take the second floor, and may have a child some day; and this objection, which is really tenable, is the one we recommend for general use.

Advice to Native Domestics.

We trust that our servants (public and private) will study the manners and habits of the retinue of the envoys from Jeddo, and profit by them; as it is well known that Japan Waiters are remarkable for the very highest Polish.

TIMELY HINTS TO "MARRYING MEN,"

BY ONE WHO HAS "GONE AND DONE IT."

1st. If the damsel be enthusiastic on "Art:" Prepare for protracted Italy and the Continent; and have a friend in the New York or Boston Custom House.

2d. If she thinks she "has a mission:" Resign yourself to gradual abbreviations of costume (on her part), lectures "foreign and domestic," and ultimate phalanstery.

3d. If she "likes cheap bargains:" Rent capacious storage-room in advance, and "cultivate" an Auctioneer or two.

4th. If she thinks that "it is a woman's duty to help husband to "dress becomingly:" Go into the "Gift Book Enterprise," or start a weekly paper with Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and make a rapid fortune. In the latter case (the publishing), advertise a few prominent dry-goods and jewelry stores at half price, and puff them gratis. In the former, let *chance* (?) favor purchasers of books who are in either of these above-mentioned branches of retail commerce.

5th. If she "hates parade, but likes to see her friends sociably of "an evening:" Make an agreement, beforehand, by the year, with a confectioner, a florist, a French cook, a head-public-waiter, and an upholsterer.

6th. If she "dotes on the country in summer:" Make any superhuman efforts you choose, but prepare inevitably to submit to a geometrical progression of Saratoga, Newport, Sharon, Niagara, Lake George and "a villa."

7th. If she thinks "every lady should be mistress in her own "house:" Give up smoking; resign from the club; subscribe for a religious newspaper, and have no dead-latch on your front-door.

8th. If she is fond of pets: Ah! Well, I know of nothing better in this case than to scatter poisoned food cautiously here and there about the house—to destroy the vermin.

If you can't make up your mind "to do, to be, and to suffer" these things—back out!

JOKES OF ALL AGES SUPPLIED WITH SUITABLE GARMENTS.

The Bonner *Ledger*, fit exemplar of all that is grave and proper, had a few serious words for its flippant contemporaries last week, touching "newspaper witticisms containing irreverent expressions," thus:

"It is not probable that any harm is intended to be done by those who coin, or those who publish, these objectionable effusions; in many cases, at least, they are doubtless the result of an exuberant humor, that has not been sufficiently chastened by culture, and which is consequently allowed to throw off the check of reason and appear in a negligent dishabille, instead of being compelled scrupulously to array itself in the habiliments of taste and refinement."

Go to the N. Y. *Ledger* for your habiliments of taste and refinement!! Observe the exquisite fit and brilliant gloss of the suit in which this clever thing is rigged out in the establishment—as a sort of a sample, perhaps, of what can be done when "aged clergymen" (of whom the *Ledger* employs more than any other concern) are really put to their wit. The italics are the peculiar flashes of draper genius:

MARRIED.—Pretty Piccolomini, the opera singer, who charmed so many American eagles out of our custody into her own, is married, so they say, to a Roman prince. The "common run" of Roman princes are not much to speak of, but this one is reported to be something more than an average sample. We hope so for the sake of the bride, who is really a very nice little woman. Probably the prince, in making his *overtures*, had his eye on the lady's *notes*.

CURIOUS DEVELOPMENTS!

A LETTER PICKED UP ON THE SIDEWALK OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE!

ASTONISHING FRAUD!!

TOTAL DEPRAVITY! AS REGARDS THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

(COPY.)

PIKE'S PEAK, Jan. 11, 1860.

——— ———, M.C., Washington.

DEAR SIR:—Your highly esteemed favor of 6th ultimo* received and contents (Steam Engine in good order) noted. I enclose you the desired commission. Please send immediately 50 to 75 anvils, which are in great request, and 10 tons best wrought steel. I trust you will take occasion to visit N. Y. as soon as convenient, to make these purchases, and draw on me at Metropolitan Bank as before. I find great profit from your franking these goods.

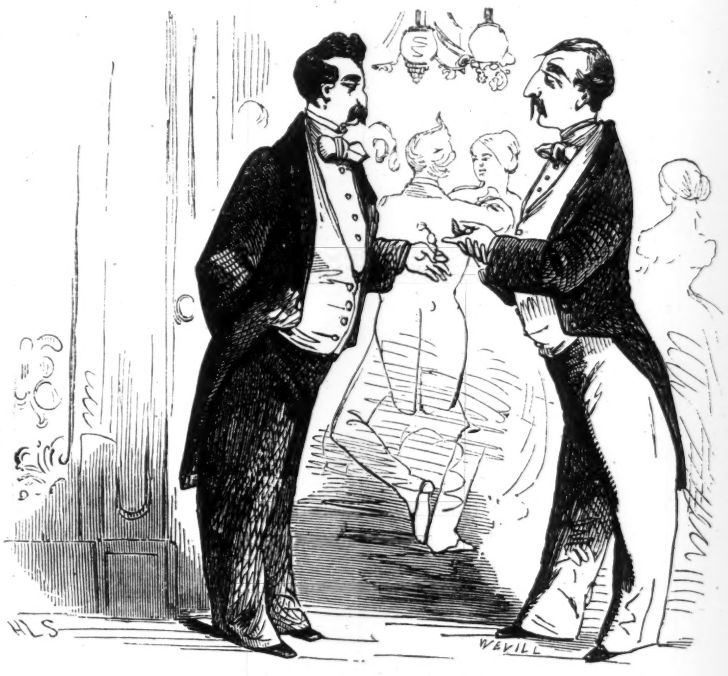
Very Respectfully,

——— ———.

Name for the New Religious Evening Paper.

The Night-Blooming Serious.

* The P. M. General has requested us to suppress these names.



FWED.—Why, Chawles, how's this? Not dancing? Weally, I'm supwised!

CHAWLES.—No aw—Fact is—given up dancing. You see, when a good-looking young fellah, aw—mingles much with the guyrls, it causes so much talk, that its aw—dooced unpleasant, and as I've no ideaw of mawwying just at pwesent, I shall cut female society for awhile.

RAIN OR SHINE.

One of the large illustrated weeklies, in a labored editorial, finds fault with the parades of the uniformed corps, for not coming off in fine weather. It declares that "the sooner the present absurd custom is abolished, the better for the health, comfort and morals of our citizen soldiery." "What," continues this kind-hearted editor, "could be easier than to have it understood, that in the event of the day being rainy, the parade should be considered postponed until the first fine morning?" Has this opinion arisen from the inconveniences attending the Seventh Regiment on its late damp trip to Washington? Did the artists fail to do the watery trip full justice on account of the weather? If so let all future military orders be issued with a "P. S. In case of rain, the exhibition will be postponed until the first fair day." It would also be as well while the hand is in on military reforms, to do the same with hot days, and cold days, or such days as might not add to the *eclat* of the affair. The same rule may also be carried out should our gallant troops be called into action. They might arrange it so that they would only fight on pleasant days, and not on such as would render the exercise too severe. They could do away with forced marches and all other little unpleasant fatigues, and in a word make a soldier in accordance with the progress of the age and the improvement of tactics.

Politics vs. Business.

In view of the glaring absurdity of having a city like New York governed and bullied by a village like Albany, we hasten to suggest that the great rule of commercial business be reversed for a while, and that the citizens of New York hasten to Sink their Capital!

THE BABY.

"A woman in Philadelphia is advertising in one of the daily papers, 'Infant Retreat,' established for the reception and accommodation of those babies whose affectionate parents desire to get through their summer travelling without encumbrances."

It has long been our desire to see some effectual scheme devised and put into operation for getting rid of The Baby, which seems to be, if not a remediable, at least an alleviable evil. The old theory that it is a well-spring of pleasure has been reversed. Quite a long time ago we found out that nothing is more subversive of domestic spirit, and of all gentle and lovely graces, than the innocent infant. How many mothers have been literally dragged out of the fashionable society of which they were the acknowledged queens, and condemned to the dreary drudgery of the nursery, simply because they clung to a dim tradition that the most tender and divine relation on Earth is that between mother and child, and that the mute appeal of newborn humanity should be irresistible to the parent's heart! Happily for society (and for the rising generation), this superstition is fast passing from power.

A large number of mothers make the demands of world and of home tally by taking their offspring wherever they go. The infantine mind is very early inducted into the refined mysteries of the theatre, and imbibes Art with an appreciative enthusiasm which pap entirely fails to evoke. Arrayed in the choicest hues of the rainbow, it is an attentive and a sympathetic observer of the performance. We never hear it disturbing the audience. It has too much good sense to make a sudden manifestation of pleasure or displeasure. And whereas in the nursery at home it would have gone spotty crying for its mother,—for the soft bosom of her love, and her low voice singing lullaby,—here it will either sit perfectly still, or else mildly intimate a desire to be taken away, with which it will be easy to comply at once.

It is also made familiar with the solemn ceremonies of the gay Church. Its devout and deeply susceptible mind is so impressed by the teachings of the sanctuary that silent tears of penitence and holy purpose roll down its rosy cheeks, and its responses are scarcely audible, what with choking. And the presence of her offspring inspires the maternal worshipper with an awful sense of her responsibility, and with a proper realization of her entire dependence upon Heaven for its preservation, while the sight of so much purity helps along the devotions of the whole congregation.

A totally different policy, but an equally effective one, is pursued by another class of the victims of matrimony. These let The Baby cry it out. Perhaps it does cry it out. At all events it doesn't bother. In their most expensive and bewildering toilettes, with faces unwrinkled and forms unabridged, the mothers pass themselves off in the world as fresh things, innocent of family. Shut in by a circle of agreeable beaux, breathing an atmosphere of music and of perfume, radiant with mature and conscious loveliness, no feeble cry reaches their ears, any more than the snore of the weary partners of their better and their worse, in the deserted supper-room. How sweet their consciousness all the while that the little one is receiving that delicate and earnest attention, that intelligent and unwearying care, which the strapping girl obtained from an Intelligence Office a day or two ago knows so well how to bestow! And all the trouble saved!

The Baby is a peculiar burden in summer, when it is apt to be fretful and sickly. The "Infants' Retreat" in Philadelphia will relieve its proprietor (The Baby's) of all doubt about going away from home. As the charming mother gets a new grace in the ocean billows, wanders in the moonlit night, rides and laughs and flirts in the fresh and cheering air, she will know that everything is being done for her infant that a loving stranger can do,—that it is enduring no fatigue, exposure, but quietly living on the healthful airs and smells of the Retreat. And nothing at all will interfere with her happiness—nothing disturb her blissful summer dream—unless it be the vague suspicion that, her travels being over, she will not be able to recognize and claim her "encumbrance," or that it will be taken forever off her hands, to another Retreat!

Question and Answer for a New Catechism.

Q. Will you go to Heaven, if you can?
A. I'll die first!

Black Republican Idea.

"THE WILL FOR THE DEED."—For President, William H. Seward.

BUNN IN EXCELSIS

E quarrel with the inference deducible from the closing sentence of the following impertinent paragraph:

"It is said that Alfred Bunn, a man of great talent, notwithstanding all 'Punch' ever said to the contrary, and formerly lessee of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the St. James' Theatre, London, is now earning his livelihood as a companion and converser, his employer being a retired tradesman of considerable wealth. 'Alas! poor Yorick!'"

After bestowing our mind upon the subject-three's generosity for you!—and getting it all back again, we conclude that "Hail, fellow,—well met!" would have been a much apter quotation. What says A. B. himself?—

"Happy and light of heart be those
Who in each other faith repose!"

The "retired tradesman" had faith in Bunn or he would n't have engaged him; and Bunn had faith in the retired tradesman, or he would'nt have run the risk of losing his money. We will now favor the world with some observations on the case.

Punch was rather hard upon Alfred. No doubt of that. He is something more than poetic Cobb. The Cake of which he is the namesake is not more sweet than Bunn now and then is. And then for invention he is not slow. Well, the smarter and more refined we make him out to have been, the less fitted was he, by inference, to sustain the rude shocks of the Dunning Demon and the cruel sneers of *Punch*. He tried so many theatres, and wrote so much pathetic poetry, we feel confident he had rather a hard time of it during his professional career. In the light of this theory, how touching do we find such passages as the following:

"Happy hearts! fond and fair
Be your young days!—
May ye ne'er feel *the care*
Which the world sways."

O, no; Bunn wasn't happy. Even a marine would know better. In fact, men of genius are prone to wretchedness. We have written poetry, and we speak feelingly. Latterly, too, the Libretto market had been getting awfully dull. Balfe was getting lazy; and the formerly magic phrase "Words by Alfred Bunn" had begun be missed from engraved title-pages.

"About this time," who should turn up but a "retired tradesman of considerable wealth," with a post-prandial Bunn in his mind's eye, extremely desirous of having it transferred from that valuable organ to his mind's epigastrium, by way of digestor corrector, and mild anodyne! What a stunning lookout for Alfred, with his

—"heart bowed down by weight of woe!"

Of course these two beings—formed solely with reference to each other—were drawn together at last!—and the poet who

—"dreamt that (he) dwelt in marble halls,"

can scarcely yet believe his eyes (lucky dog!) when they remind him that the splendid vision was not *all* a dream!

"'Then you'll remember me?'"

says the grateful poet—sipping the liberal tradesman's port, and speaking with much emotion,—"then you'll remember me when you make your will?" He wants the noble patron to say those blessed words once more!

Ah!—

"The light of other days"

may be faded, but our life for it, Bunn dose n't regret that the comonents of *that* spectrum weren't fast colors!

Your hand, imaginative mortal!—

"Ever be happy and light as thou art!
Pride the trades of man's heart!"

A Line of Beauty.

That Albany politicians should run New York is undoubtedly a shame. A Line should be Drawn somewhere, but where can we find a Parallel Rule?

Clergymen are not born to be drowned because they are born with a Call.

WHERE IS THE LITTLE JOKER?

We find copied into the *Home Journal* the following choice bit of funny writing in regard to a ludicrous incident which recently took place in that El Dorado of jokes, "Out West:"

THE WAY TO "TURN OUT A FLAT."—At Cincinnati, Ohio, one day last week, Joseph Folder, a German, was crushed to death by being drawn between two heavy rollers in a machine-shop. He came out as thin as a pancake.

What a mad wag it is, to be sure! We are ready to burst with professional jealousy at the sight of the rich vein which the writer of the above has opened in the comic literature line. Such a rare talent for extracting fun from the most unpromising subjects must not, however, be permitted to wrap itself in an anonymous napkin any longer——VANITY FAIR must have that man! We insist upon having him, and won't be happy without him. And "if this should meet his eye," he is earnestly requested to send his address forthwith to the office of this paper, in order that we may make the necessary arrangements to secure at once his valuable services exclusively for our columns. And then, what fun we shall have! The prosy old penny-a-line style in which the various daily mishaps to life and limb have heretofore been served up will be entirely superseded, and our readers will have them dished somewhat in the following piquant manner:

"POP GOES THE WEIZEL."—A Teutonic individual rejoicing in the cognomen of Weizel popped off yesterday in a rather expeditious and disagreeable manner. He was employed in a percussion-cap factory in 13th Avenue, and while he was engaged in preparing some of the explosive material used in the business, it ignited from some unknown cause, and the consequence was that the head of the luckless Dutchman was blown off his shoulders in the twinkling of a red-post, which accident did not, as may be imagined, conduce in a very high degree to the improvement of his personal appearance. He leaves a widow and several children, who may perhaps be consoled by the reflection that although the "head of the family" is lost, his *trunk* has been saved. Besides, we believe that among our German fellow-citizens it is not generally considered a very great misfortune to be brought to one's "bier."

Or thus:

"DOWN, DERRY, DOWN!"—Michael Derry, a native of the Emerald Isle, while pursuing, the other day, the elevating employment of carrying a hod of mortar to the fifth story of the building in course of erection at the corner of 99th street and Avenue Q, being in somewhat of a hurry, missed his footing, and fell from the ladder to the ground, a distance of 80 feet, thereby fracturing his skull and both his legs. A facetious bystander remarked that he feared his injuries would prove "*mortarl*," as they were the result of too much *quick climb* (quick lime).

And then, on the occasion of such a laughable occurrence as that which took place recently at the Pemberton Mills, or when our next tenement-house warming takes place, what a feast of fat things we shall be able to set before our readers, if we can only ascertain the whereabouts, and secure the services of this jovial fellow, who so nobly maintains his jollity under the most discreditable circumstances! Do, somebody, tell us where this little joker is.

Small Favors Thankfully Received.

We would be greatly obliged to the Republicans of Connecticut, who swept that State two or three weeks ago, if they would now come down and Sweep this city.

Worth Knowing.

It is no excuse for bad morals to say that you were brought up in a Police Court.

VANITY FAIR,

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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high meral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

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"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

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"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon* (N. J.) *Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

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SAMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa Perry takes de shine out of dis chile sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

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